

IF YOU COULD KNOW.

If you could know that half of all I yearn to be to you, Dear Heart! Each day that dawns I struggle to be strong and do my part; when at last the night comes softly down, I humbly pray—Lord, grant me still to prove my tender love, just one more day.

Just one more day to strive to rise above small troubles, petty care, that my cramped soul may break its earth-forged bonds, at last to dare to face the future and to gladly live with courage new. Loyal and cheerful facing toward the light for truth and you.

And yet I feel in spite of all the heights which I can never scale, In spite of all the many tests in which I daily fail, That my deep love, more deep and pure and strong than I can ever show, You somehow, through my failures, doubts and fears, will come to know.

The dreary clouds can't hide the sun for aye, it glimmers through; The sweet, wet violet, struggling through dead leaves, still shows its blue. And so I trust, though oft I strike love's chord with clumsy hand, You'll feel the melody I tried to play, and understand.

—Cosmopolitan.



HOUSEKEEPING MONEY

By Helen Forrest Graves.

MRS. POPHAM WING had company to tea. Company to tea meant something with Mrs. Popham Wing. It meant the big silver tea service, with the twisted silver serpents for handles, and queer clusters of frosted oak leaves on the top—it meant tea that would have made old Doctor Johnson turn over in his grave, and coffee clear as amber—it meant biscuits like magdalen flakes of snow, and hot waffles—it meant raspberry jam, luscious honey in the comb, and poundcake that was a mountain of gold underneath a pearly crust of icing—it meant cream-puffs and dainty home-made macaroons—it meant broiled spring chickens, and silver-glistening sardines, dripping with their native oil; and, moreover, it generally meant a touch of mild after-dyspepsia to all who partook thereof.

The six matrons around the table were just beginning to appreciate the flavor of their first cup, mingled with a luscious morsel of current gossip.

"A little more sugar, if you please, Mrs. Wing," said Mrs. Deacon Hyde. "Yes; it's quite true. Ask Mrs. Mowbray if it isn't."

Mrs. Mowbray shook her head until the artificial bees in her cap bobbed around as if they contemplated an immediate swarming.

"Yes," said she, lugubriously; "I believe Sybil has made up her mind at last."

"Not to marry Mark Chesterfield?" cried Mrs. Popham Wing, setting down the teapot in such a hurry that the serpent's tail thereon came in violent contact with the side of the sugar basin.

"Yes, to marry Mr. Chesterfield."

"She's very unwise," said Mrs. Wing. "Not but that Mark is an excellent man, and a good provider, besides being a member of the church. I ought to know, for his first wife was my own saluted niece, Priscilla Capsum. But he's a crotchety man; he's a man that has his own ideas."

"We all have, I suppose," said Mrs. Mowbray, making a feeble attempt to stem the tide of popular opinion that seemed to be running so strong against Mr. Mark Chesterfield.

"Oh, yes!" said the Widow Munger; "but there's a difference in ideas, you know. Now, Mark is very trying about a house. They do say he worried your dear Priscilla Capsum into her grave."

"Ah—h—!" groaned Mrs. Wing, helping herself to a pinch of thinly-shaved smoked beef.

"He's an excellent man!" said Mrs. Munger. "I haven't a word to say against him, but I wouldn't let a daughter of mine become his wife—no, not if I buried 'em first!"

"There isn't much danger of that," thought Mrs. Mowbray, who was fully cognizant of the fact that the three Misses Munger were red-haired, freckled and otherwise not particularly qualified to attract the attention of gentlemen in search of matrimonial partners.

But she didn't say so; and just then the attention of the tea-drinking cabal was called to the sight of the new minister, crossing the street to call on Benetta Jones, and the conversation flowed into another channel.

Mrs. Mowbray went home and reported the whole discussion to her daughter Sybil, a plump, brown-haired girl of eighteen, with large, almond-shaped eyes, a short, straight nose, and a chin which, round and dimpled though it was, expressed character in no common degree.

"My dear, do you think you are wise?" asked Mrs. Mowbray, hesitatingly—for she was one of those human dry leaves who are blown hither and yon by every gale of opinion.

"I risk it, mother," said cheerful Sybil. "Nobody can pretend to perfection in this world, and I like Mr. Chesterfield."

So the next month there was a wedding in St. Aloysius' Church, and Sybil Mowbray became Mrs. Mark Chesterfield.

Mr. Chesterfield was a tall, well-made man, with pleasant blue eyes, an abundance of chestnut hair, and leg-of-mutton side whiskers.

"Does it cost so much to live?" asked Sybil, the current of her enthusiasm somewhat chilled.

"I have made a study of these things, Mrs. Chesterfield," said her husband, sitting down before the fire, which made the October twilight so ruddy and cheerful. "Domestic economy, in its way, is quite as much of a science as political economy. I have apportioned things exactly. I know to a 'T' how much it costs me to live. I know the exact correspondence between my income and my outgo. I know where every penny goes, and how much it represents. I have ascertained—What is it, Gretchen? Tea ready! Allow me to give you my arm, Sybil, my love!"

Bright and early the next morning the butcher called for orders.

Sybil was about to lay out the bill of fare for the day, when Mr. Chesterfield came out of the dining-room, his dressing-skirts streaming "like a meteor to the troubled air."

"My dear, pray excuse me!" said Mr. Chesterfield; "I always attend to these things. In our circumstances the strictest economy is necessary."

Sybil went back to the parlor somewhat mortified.

"This carpet is a little worn," said she to her mother, who had come around to pass an hour or two with them. "I was thinking that it would be a good plan to put it in our bedroom, and buy a new one for the parlor. Worn Brussels is of all carpets the shabbiest."

But Mr. Chesterfield vetoed this proposition at once.

"Costs too much, my dear—costs too much," he said. "I have studied this sort of thing—"

"Mark," said Mrs. Chesterfield, "how much is your income?"

Mr. Chesterfield laughed.

"Now, my dear," said he, "you are getting beyond your province."

"No; but really?"

"Really, dearest, it needn't concern you in the least!" answered he, lightly. And Sybil, a little hurt, asked no more.

A month went by—two months—three months—and Sybil came to her husband.

"Mark," said she, "I'm not satisfied with the way things are going."

"Not satisfied, my love?"

"I want to keep house, Mark. As it is, I am only a mere figurehead at your table. Won't you let me try?"

"Little puss, what do you know about housekeeping?" demanded Mark, satirically.

"But I could learn. Just for one year."

"You'll ruin me, Sybil."

"If I do, we'll break up house, and I'll go out as housekeeper somewhere else, until I have earned wages enough to set you right again! Just give me the monthly sum you expend for our bills, and let me deal it out!"

"Well, well, if you insist upon it. But I'm perfectly certain you'll be bankrupt before the quarter is out."

"Try me, that's all!"

As the time went by the Chesterfield table was more amply supplied than ever with the delicacies of the season. Little dainties made their appearance at which Mr. Chesterfield opened his eyes.

"Ruinous—perfectly ruinous!" he commented within himself. "She'll be coming to me in tears, presently, to settle the extra bills, but she never would be satisfied until she had tried the experiment."

But, although he waited patiently for the briny tears, and the file of tradesmen's bills, they never came. And at the expiration of six months, he came home just as six porters were staggering up his front steps having a superb piano on their shoulders.

"Hello!" cried he. "Some mistake?"

"No mistake at all, my dear," answered the voice of Mrs. Chesterfield from the parlor window. "It's ours. I bought it yesterday."

"And who's to pay for it?" roared Mr. Chesterfield, the big veins in his forehead growing tense as ropes.

"It's already paid for, Mark. I settled that!" said the lady calmly.

"May I ask where you got the money?" demanded her husband, with dangerous politeness.

"Oh, certainly," answered Sybil. "I saved it out of the housekeeping money!"

"Impossible!"

"I'll show you my account, dear, by-and-by—square up to date."

And she did so. Mr. Chesterfield found it difficult to believe that a woman could pay the household bill of their establishment, and save money out of \$125 a month.

"I saw to things myself," said Sybil.

"The cook didn't like it, and gave warning. I cooked myself until I could get some one to take her place, and I have now a tidy little German woman, who is not above being dictated to by me. I discharged the baker, who gave us poor bread at fabulous prices, and did the baking myself twice a week. I checked off the grocer's account personally, and I asked him what he meant by charging us with two boxes of raisins, when I only ordered one. Since that time his bills have been materially less. I weighed the meat myself, and compared it with the butcher's bill. The discrepancy was so noticeable that I changed butchers. The second month our expenses were full a third less, and they have gone on steadily decreasing ever since. For the future, Mark," she added, "I will be satisfied with \$100 a month for housekeeping money, and engage to buy a new parlor carpet out of it before the year has expired."

"My dear," said Mr. Chesterfield, rapturously, "you're a perfect financier!"

"Every woman is," answered Sybil, "if she can only get a chance. And now, let me sit down and play you a tune on my new piano."

After this things went like velvet in the Chesterfield household. Mark was more than satisfied with his wife's administration of financial affairs, and Sybil felt that she had conquered his prejudice at last.

And the next tea company at Mrs. Popham Wing's came to the unanimous verdict that Sybil Chesterfield was a happy wife, in spite of their prognostications.

"If poor, dear Priscilla could only have managed Mark so, she might have been alive at this minute," said Mrs. Wing.—Saturday Night.

PROFESSIONAL EATERS.

An Outcome of the Proverbial Hospitality of the Devil's Lake Sioux.

O. A. Wright, of Madison, Wis., Supervisor of Indian Schools, brings an interesting story to Washington concerning the professional eaters of the Sioux Indians on the Devil's Lake Reservation in North Dakota. The professional eater among the Devil's Lake Indians, according to Supervisor Wright, pursues a recognized profession which entitles him to distinction and eminence, measured largely by his capacity. The more capacity the more eminence and distinction.

The Sioux of Devil's Lake are a hospitable people. A guest must be fed, and the table placed before him must be bountifully supplied. If not, it is a gross violation of Indian etiquette, which subjects offenders to harsh criticism. The obligation on the part of the guest is equally binding. Very often the latter is the unfortunate victim of too much kindness. If, however, he should fail to dispose of all the food placed before him his offense would be as great as that of the host whose larger failed to respond to the demands of the prevailing social usage among these Indians.

The capacity of some of these professional eaters is phenomenal. They are said to be carefully trained to their calling, and the returns for their services are certainly very remunerative to the Indian mind. One who is about to make a call and who feels that he will not be equal to the occasion secures a professional eater. The latter secures for his services the food he devours and \$1 in addition. Supervisor Wright met one of these professional gentlemen at Devil's Lake who had recently performed the remarkable feat of eating seventeen pounds of fresh beef. Some doubt is expressed here as to the possibility of a man eating so much meat at one sitting. Mr. Wright told the officials, however, that the story is vouched for by Agent Getchell and Father Jerome, the latter Catholic missionary at Devil's Lake. The Supervisor added that the Indian was extremely modest amid the shower of congratulations bestowed upon him by friends and admirers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Mean to Be Funny.

There is a certain Hyde Park clergyman whose usually tripping and eloquent tongue runs off the track occasionally, so to speak, and betrays him into amusing mistakes and blunders in the course of his pulpit oratory. Such a mistake occurred one Sunday evening not long ago, and the younger and less serious members of his congregation are laughing over it yet.

The preacher had occasion to refer to the text "Set Thou my feet in a large place" several times in the course of the evening's prayer and sermon, and perhaps he had grown a little tired of that particular phrase, or feared that his listeners had. So, when in the course of the after-sermon prayers, he desired to convey the same idea again, he employed a different set of words to this purpose:

"Thou knowest, O Lord," he prayed, therefore, "how small and mean and crowded are the places whereupon we often stand on earth. Choose, Thou, dear Lord, a large place and establish my feet thereon."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Souvenir Queues.

Among the greatest curios that the invaders will carry from China are queues. A good, clean, well-braided queue is worth \$10, Mexican, and there are not many offering for sale. The high price has led soldiers to go on queue raids. Originally they were cut from dead Chinese, but that source being cut off they are being taken from live men. A Chinese prides his queue above all of his personal adornment, and the queue raiders strike terror to his heart.—St. Louis Democrat.

LEARNING HOW TO WORK.

The Poor of Pittsburgh Are Being Taught Many Useful Lessons.

In such societies as the Domestic Arts Association, of Pittsburgh, one discovers a movement in the direction toward teaching woman how better to conduct the kingdom which is indisputably hers.

The object of the association is to establish such a school where young women may be thoroughly trained in the home making arts. The originators of the plan believe that, by establishing such a school, household work may be raised, as nursing has been in a similar manner, from the rank of menial labor to a profession which capable and competent young women will enter.

The association's work this year has been divided into four departments. The department of foods has opened cooking clubs in the tenement districts of Pittsburgh, teaching the housekeepers of that district how to buy and cook food so as to obtain the best results possible from their small incomes. This work has been most successful, the women having shown a great interest in it, and an eager desire to learn as much as possible.

The department of clothing has devoted its efforts to teaching poor women how to make their clothes and keep them in order, and has met with such success that the present equipment in the way of machines, etc., is insufficient.

The junior department, devoted to the interests of the children, has done a variety of things. There has been classes in cooking and sewing, and the difficulty has been, not in securing pupils, but in providing a sufficient number of teachers. This department has also established a penny savings bank for the children. It has started also a circulating library, the books having been lent by the Carnegie Library.

The fourth and last department is known as the department of service, or employment bureau. Three of these were opened in different parts of Pittsburgh. The head of this department states in her report that she thinks it impossible to do much, if anything, for employer or employed until the time arrives when a training school for domestic service can be opened.

A member of the society said recently: "In all these efforts to improve the conditions of home life we find that the greatest need of needy people is the need of knowing how to work."—New York Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In noble souls valor does not wait for years.—Caroline.

Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant friend.—La Fontaine.

Knavery and flattery are blood relations.—Abraham Lincoln.

Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache.—Montaigne.

To give up interest for duty is the alphabet of morals.—James Hinton.

The freedom of the mind is the highest form of independence.—G. B. Fisk.

Whilst we are considering where to begin it is often too late to act.—Quintilian.

The end and aim of all education is the development of character.—F. W. Parker.

We are ashamed of our fear; for we know that a righteous man would not suspect danger nor incur any. Wherever a man feels fear there is an avenger.—Thoreau.

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness is confidence; but to trench them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—Confucius.

The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said that therein lies the difference: The follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—Colton.

Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and their hearts praying for his victory.—C. J. Perry.

To get good is animal, to do good is human, to be good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves.—James Martineau.

A Lesson in Perseverance.

One of the drollest of anecdotes possessing what might be termed an "animal subject" was told recently by Lord Ribblesdale at a meeting of Progressives in London. To cheer them who were about to enter the electoral fight, he narrated this fable, which it is no exaggeration to call unmatched even in the pages of the great Aesop himself: Two frogs fell into a bowl of cream. One was an optimist and one a pessimist. The pessimist frog, at once growing hopeless at the general look of his surroundings, let himself sink, to rise no more. Not so, however, the optimist frog. He reflected that he had never been in any such situation before, but that he should do his best to get out of it. And so he swam and swam, and though he soon became convinced that he could not possibly emerge from the bowl, he at length grew assured that the fluid through which he paddled was getting thicker. He did not at all understand this state of things, but continued to paddle about here and there, till at last, lo, he was enthroned securely on a pat of butter which he himself had unwittingly created!

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are Held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, Charles C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Col. Robt. I. Fleming; 2nd Vice-President, Hon. John B. Henderson; 3rd Vice-President, John Sherman; 4th Vice-President, Rev. Joseph C. Mallon; 5th Vice-President, Rev. J. McBride Sterrett; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappell; Treasurer, Charles E. Morgan; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis F. Shoemaker.

Total Membership about 150.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS:

President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson.

Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capitol and K Streets.

OFFICERS:

President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice-President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Baneroff, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler.

Total Membership about 280.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, A. F. Williams.

Total Membership about 100.

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JOHN WALKER FENTON.